SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. }

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

of the table, and there was a waiter at each dish. Every eye was fixed upon the head waiter; he placed his right hand upon a dish cover; every subordinate followed suit, "Presto!" and off flew every cover under the right hand. With due solemnity the left hand was placed on another cover. "Open sesame," and they flew off, after which each waiter decorrously deposited his covers upon a side table, and the carving and the helping began. It was at the United States that Summer that Mrs. DeWitt Clinton snubbed Van-Buren. He and her husband were political ene-

Summer that Mrs. DeWitt Clinton snubbed Van-Buren. He and her husband were political ene-mics, and when the President addressed a re-mark to her, she turned her back upon him. Clay reached Saratoga from Canada, and made a speech upon the front of the hotel. Van Buren was at Ballston at a political meeting. Clay, in his speech, made some humorous allusions to their being so near, and hoped he did not strike such alarm as to prevent his antagonist from meeting him at Saratoga. Van Buren and Clay were such courteous gentlemen, that while to-gether they behaved to each other in the most politic manner. There was an amusing story

polite manner. There was an amusing story told of Mrs. Clinton, who had a stammer in her speech. Unfortunately the man who came to wait upon her one day also stammered, and she

thought he was minicking her. The waiter thought she was deriding him; both got angry,

the stammering grew worse, and the scene was almost too much for even the best behaved per-

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### VOLUME XVII.-NUMBER 24.

## Choice Loetry.

DECEMBER. BY ALFRED RIVERS. "Covetous death bereaved us all, To aggrandize one funeral."—EMER

Always and, but sadder now,
I tread the wither disaves among;
(They lie like care marks on the brow,
Of one disease or time doth bow);
The woods and fields among.

On Nature's face, like wrinkles, he Swept by the wind, in heaps they As earth had fallen to the sere, Cherricas, desolate, and drear, All her heuntion fade and die.

The clouds above are cold and gray;
A postlience is o'er the scene;
All things are slaking to decay;
Flowers, isoven, as snow-flakes melt away,
And none could guess what once has been

I held mass lives to love, and bear, And bide the task he finds to do; That cravens only know despair; He with his might of faith should dare-Believe in joy and sorrow too.

That all things leved and lost on earth,
Though he can neither touch nor see,
Are still to him of priceless worth,
A dowry given to him at birth,
And his through all eternity.

The flowers that fade, the leaves that fall, The slumberers in the silent grave, First, last, and dearest dreams of all. The heart with love would fain recall. And memory from obliviou save.

Are they not mine in hope's bright dream? Oh! there are things as sure as death.

Step up its spring, it still will find Another outlet for its birth: Such power, I hold, belongs to mind, Yearning to mingle with its kind, As may not yield to common earth.

But it will find a path to where Still exist things lost to time: Look up, brave heart! and be of cheer; Somewhere in a distant sphere, They live, and love, and thou shalt climb.

For love is stronger far than death, And mind can rule the grosser clay; And hops outlives the latest breath That mortala yield to phantom death— These end not with the passing day.

Look up! God's Heaven is full of light; Infinity doth gird thee round: Past, present, future, day and night, Far stretching, far beyond thy sight, Are in its depths profound.

And somewhere—though we cannot trace
The loved, the lost, the once possess d,
Amid its over-deepening space—
The soul shall find their resting-place,
As sea-birds find the far-off nest.

## Select Storn.

### THE HANGING OF EPH. TOLLEY.

A BUMOROUS SOUTHERN NARRATIVE.

Everybody in Mobile and New Orleans knows old Colonel Bob —— so well, that when I relate the following little story, his identity will be sufficiently apparent; therefore, I shall not expose myself to his wrath by exposing his name in connection herewith. His hopeful nephew, and when he shall have attained his venerable relative's years and experience, will add to the family love of drollery and mischief, a mind well educated by study and foreign travel. He seldom meets me without "spinning a yarn" in his peculiar style; and the other day gave me an account of an "execution" in — County, Miss., to which the Sheriff had given a special "invite,"

in the following style, verbally:

"Come over and see me strangulate that durned cuss, Eph. Tolley, for arson, and settin' old man Odum's house aftire, durn him."

Fil give the story in Frank's words, as near as

possible:

The appointed day came, and as we had about fifteen miles to ride, and the execution was to take place at 9 a. m., it was necessary to start early; and accordingly, Uncle Bob directed Jerry to wake us up before day. It seemed to me that we had hardly turned in, when I was awakened by Lerry's value calling our.

by Jerry's voice calling out:
"Mars Robert! Mars Robert! It's most 'fore
day." "Go to—!" was Uncle Bob's benevolent
response, and I indorsed it. Another short nap response, and I indorsed it. Another short nap was shertly broken by Jerry warning us that it was "fore day, Mars Robert, now, for true!" A loud snort from old Bob was Jerry's only an-awer, and for an hour we were not again inter-rupted, when he bawled out a third time: "Clean daybreak! Hi! Mars Bob play the

"Clean daybreak! Hi! Mars Bob play the debble getting up 'fore day!"

The secret of Jerry's wakefulness was explained by the fact that his own little mule, "Stump Sucker," was standing ready by Uncle Bob's horse and my own. He was bound to be in at the death. We took a light breakfast, and as Spartanburg Court House was not a place to look for dinner, we deposited in our saddlebags a couple of bottles of whiskey: I think Jerry had one, too. These, and a plug of tobacco, constituted our lunch.

When we arrived at Spartanburg, we found When we arrived at Spartanburg, we found about a dozen planters and overseers loading about, some of them occasionally auxionely inquiring of the Sheriff, "what time he was gwine to hang Tolley?" I should like to show you the Sheriff of — County! George, he is the dutusdest, ugliest, funniest little cuss you ever saw. He stands about five feet in his shoes, and is about as broad as he is long, and his mug would frighten the savagest catanount in all creation. Bustling about hig with the importance of his position, he waddled up to Uncle Bob, and pompously offered his hand.

"Colonel, I'm duried glad you've come. These cusses here ain't gin me no peace since sun up, axin' me when I was gwine to begin. It's none of their durined bizness; I'd invited you to see the hanging, for I knew you'd like sport, and wasn't gwine to begin till you arrived, ef I had to put off the execution."

Mounting the steps of the Court House, be

then sang out, in a tremendous voice:

"O, yes! O, yes! O, yes! I'm now gwine to proceed to carry out the sentence of the law on settin" of a man's house on fire! Whar's Bill

settin' of a man's house on fire! Whar's Bill Sinmons, deputy!"

"He's over to Jim Beard's, playing seven up with Lanty Corrigan, and a beatin' of him like sides," answered a little pot-bellied, yellow-faced specimen of a dirt eater. "He wants me to take his place."

"You take his place! You take," indgnaintly interrupted the Sheriff; "durn you, you'd look a heap better a takin' Eph. Tolley's place, Call Bill Simmons."

After some delay, Bill Simmons appeared, and Mr. Sseriff, taking a piece of clothes line about four feet long out of his pocket, tossed it to him,

and said:
"Mr. Depity, fetch Tolley out here." "Mr. Depity, fetch Tolley out nere.

Up to this time, I had been vainly looking to
find some preparation for the fatal scene; but
the only thing visible was an inclosure about
forty feet square, five feet high, made of rails land in the tashion of a worm fence, and resemb-ling a spacious pig-pen more than any thing else. In the centre of the inclosure stood a pole of black jack, forked at the top; lying beside it was another pole, about twelve feet long, peeled of its bark.

of its bark.

"Mr. Sheriff," said I, "are not these proceedings rather irregular! The law says an execution must take place within an inclosure, and—"

"Well, ain't that an inclosure, sa-ay! The law don't say I'm to build up a stone wall, nor I've not get to chunk up the cracks, nuther!"

"Where is the gallows!" I asked.
"Sonjier" said the Sheriff, with impressive dig-

"Well, ain't that an inclosure, sa-ay? The law don't say I'm to build up a stone wall, nor I've not get to chunk up the cracks, nuther!"

A Milwauker servant girl has abandoned her place, because for six whole weeks she never went to but three circusos, four prayer meetings, "Where is the gallows!" I asked.

"Squire," said the Sheriff, with impressive dignity; "Squire, don't you fret your gizzard; I know my bizness, and you'll oblige me by tendin' to your'n. Hold your horses, and you'll see. In is a question whether the economy of Heaven makes prevision for the man who cuts the leaves of your magazine with his thumb.

A Milwauker servant girl has abandoned her place, because for six whole weeks she never went to but three circusos, four prayer meetings, Talmadge, as to which should be awarded the palm of supremacy. I saw the grand entree to the ball room that evening. Compared to the toilets of to day, these young ladies were elegantly but inexpensively dressed. They neither was the dress which was considered the most suitable for young ladies at that time. The

Enter Bill Simmons, with Tolley. He had tied the bit of clothes-line around the culprit's neck, and was leading him along as you would a horse to water. Tolley was almost as short in stature as the Sheriff, was stoutly built, and had a sulky, don't-care-a-cuss sort of look on his stolid face. He was quite complacently chewing a hit of don't-care-a-cuss sort of look on his stolid face. He was quite complacently chewing a bit of wheat straw. He nodded familiarly to all hands, spoke to two or three in the party, and asked me for a chew of tobacco, informing me at the same time that he was as "dry as a meetin' house." I carry two kinds—one for myself, and the other for tobacco beggars; but thinking it a shame to send a man into eternity with a wad of nigger head in his mouth, I pulled out my choice honeydew, and handed it over. That was the last I saw of it. Telley deposited an enormous quid in

dew, and handed it over. That was the last I saw of it. Telley deposited an enormous quid in his check, and coolly handed the plog to the little pot-belied dirteaser, and it went from one to another as long as it lasted. Lord! George, to think that a man with one frot in the grave should be capable of an act of ingratitude and downright robbery.

The Sheriff now read a document to Tolley, informing him that he was tobe hung by the neck, &c., winding up with the addition:

"And now, Tolley, you're a durned pretty looking skunk, ain't you'f I'll teach you, durn you, to set a gentleman's house afire, and be guilty of arson. Come along, here!" And he took the rope from the deputy's hand, and led Tolley, who followed like a lamb to the slanghter, into the inclosure.

inclosure.

Old Bob whispered to me, "Frank, give the poor devil a drink." But the fate of my honeydew steeled my heart against the appeal.

Arrived at the fatal pole, the Sheriff ordered the doomed man to "set down that," which hedid. The end of the rope was then tied around the peeled sapling on the ground.

"Now, Tolley, git up;" and Tolley, with apparantly stolid indifference, slowly rose to his feet. The Sheriff then put one end of the sapling into the end of the upright, and pulled out his watch.

The Sheriff then put one end of the sapling into the end of the upright, and pulled out his watch, handed it to Bill Simmons, saying: "Now, deputy, you time 'im, while I hold 'im up."

Judge of my herror, George, when I saw this old devil thus coolly prepare to choke the wretch to death, with no more compunction than if drowning a blind puppy. I begged Uncle Bob to interfere, but he declined doing so.

"All ready! Now, Bill Simmons, you time 'im edractly; mind you, nary minit more or less."

With this, he mounted a low stump, and with a herculcan effort raised the small end of the sapling at arm's length over his head. The tension of the rope just raised Tolley to his tip-toes.

sion of the rope just raised Tolley to his tip-toes, and didn't seem to inconvenience him much; but

and didn't seem to inconvenience him much; but the Sheriff—you should have seen him. At the end of about the second minute he was livid, absolutely purple in the face.

"Bill Simmons," he gasped, "how long's'e bin hangin'—ain't time np!"

"Two minits."
"Durn it!" panted the Sheriff.

Here I ventured to remark: "Mr. Sheriff, the law says that the criminal must be hanged by the neck until he is dead, no matter how long it takes."

This barbarous suggestion met with a proper rebuke.

"Cuss you, Frank ——! Who the —— asked for your durned lip! I know what the law says. It says arter a gentleman's been hanging a cortain time—and I think five minutes is the time

tain time—and I think five minutes is the time
—he's got a right to live, if he kin stand it, and
I think he orter."

Tolley was still dancing on his toes, and his
face was fast becoming as purple as that of the
Sheriff.

"Time's up," shouted the deputy; and the
Sheriff fining the pole from him with a vim that
jerked the pendent Tolley sprawling to the
ground. He picked himself up, and the Sheriff
untied the clothes line from his neck; then cramming Tolley's hat over his eyes he thus addressming Tolley's hat over his eyes, he thus address-

Fuh Tolloy you've 'senned hanging by a kibble of the law; but it you know what's good for you, you'll leave this County mighty suddint;" saying which, he applied to Tolley, a posteriori, a tremendous thwack of his No. II peg-ged boot, ejaculating with each kick: "Durn you, scoot, scoot! I'll teach you to commit ar-son, and set a man's house aftre! and ef I ketch you in these diggins again, I'll shoot you, you cussed scalliwag!" With one final kick and costs scalings; with one mai kick and secot, he turned Tolley loose, and invited the whole party to "licker."

We did so, and I instantly recognized the bot-

the Old Bob, regardless of the ties of consan-guinity, had stolen it from my sabile bags, and presented it to the Sheriff, as a reward for his humanity, and faithful discharge of duty.

RAILBOADS AS WEATHER BREED. ERS. OGDEN, U. T., June 29 .- In view of the wonderful climatic changes now going on along the lines of the great railroads crossing the plains, it is impossible to imagine a probable limit to the vast area which may here, within a few years, be deemed among the best portions of our coun-try for the purpose of agriculture. The secret of try for the purpose of agriculture. The secret of this transformation from a desert to a fertile plain is contained in five words—the railroad has brought rain. No element was wanting in the earth itself, nor was aught in excess to one force sterility, but everywhere there was drought. In the hot dust nothing grew but stunted, hardy grass and sage brush. All seemed desolation and utter hopelessness. Wherever irrigation was tried, its success exceeded the most sanguing expectations in developing a miraculous productiveness in the soil. No cuthusiast dared, however, to dream of the possibility of artificial irritiveness in the soil. No enthusiast dared, however, to dream of the possibility of artificial irrigation over all this expanse. Rivers entering here would have been drank up by the thirsty earth and sky long ere they could have reached the centre. Yet man's work has irrigated this land by an unexpected means. The railronds have brought rains. To the electrical influence of these long lines of iron between east and west, some attribute the change. By others it is affirmed that the effect has been produced by merely the displacement of the atmosphere, caused by the numerous heavy and swittly rushing trains. Be the cause what it may, the fact caused by the numerous heavy and swiftly rushing trains. Be the cause what it may, the fact remains the same—that year by year, since the Union Pacific railroad has been operated through, the rainfall has steadily increased, until this season it has become, so far at least as the road is concerned, a decided nuisance. Who of the projectors of this road ever imagined that a time would vome when its trains would be delayed in the middle of the plains by the overflow of water from violent rainstorms, covering the track, and in places even sweeping it away! Such has, however, been the fact this spring. Trains have been as much as twelve and even fifteen hours behind time from this cause alone. The result of this rainfall is already to be seen in the settlement of the country along the route. When first the Union Pacific was open to travel, one would ride all the long day through without seeing human habitation, except at the miserable station, where trains were "side-tracked," coal taken on, or water drawn from wells of great depth. Now as far west as Cheyenne, houses are scattered along, fields are seen in a flourishing state of cultivation, and numerous herds of ing trains. Be the cause what it may, the fact remains the same—that year by year, since the ing state of cultivation, and numerous herds of cuttle prove how well the graziers have found the country adapted to their wants.—Duily

THAT TEA.—It is proposed that the 16th of December next shall be celebrated throughout the United States by a grand taking of tea. As that day will complete a century since the throw-ing overboard of the East India Company's tea in the Boston harbor, which act was the indirect in the Boston harbor, which act was the indirect cause of the American independence, it seems altogether fitting to celebrate the day as proposed. What an event this will be for the ladies! A tea party is ever the dearest spot to them on earth, but what interest will centre around such an event when the sippers are counted by millions. It should be so arranged that everybody throughout the length and breacht of jhe land should taste the Thea-nectar at the same instant. What a swallow that would be.—Ciscinnol Star.

A MILWAUKEE servant girl has abandoned her place, because for six whole weeks she never went to but three circusos, four prayer meetings, seven picnics, and two steamboat excursions. She says she wants to have a little time to her-

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1873, President was the first person who entered the ball-room that evening, and escorted a lady whose name escapes me, for just at that time I did not take much interest in homely men, whether they were Presidents or not. Granger and his danghter followed, and I thought she was decidedly the bandsomest of the three belles until afterwards when I changedallegiance to Miss Talmadge. I danced that evening, and had my giddy little head filled with romances about the good time that was coming for me when I, too, would be ranked among the belles, and have the handsomest prince in the world to fall in love with me, and fall at my feet in the most beautiful manner, and avow his adoration of my most beautiful self. Oh! the dreams of youth! Bennest was at Saratwa that Summer, and used to write letters to the Persid, in which the ladies were mentioned by fall-lals. How eagerly those mysterious suggestions of individuals were studied. They were as good as conundrums. The stupid fashion of using full names now destroys half the zest. I felt very proud when I found my name among the list, but only wished that the thin diaguise had not been adopted. However, I filt sure that every one would know it was meant for me. I expect that letter is now with some of my yellow and time stained papers. If I could only get an old file of the Herald, I would pick out the exact paper in which the letter appeared. The dancing music that evening was selections from the "Postillion de Lonjumean," and the "Laughing Quadrille." The crack of the whip was enchanting and the langing cantagious. In the dining-room at the United States there was a long table down the centre of the room, at which the guests were seated. All the dishes were on the table and had black tin covers. The head waiter stood at the head of the table, and there was a waiter at each dish. Every eye was fixed upon the head waiter; he placed his right hand upon a dish cover; every

Miscellany. TO A CHILD EMBRACING HIS MOTHER. BY THOMAS BOOD.

Love thy mother, little one!
Kiss and clasp her neck again—
Hereafter she may have a son
Will kiss and clasp her neck in vain.
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes.

And mirror back her love for theoHereafter thou may'st shudder sighs.

To meet them when they cannot see.

Gaze upon her living eyes!

Pross her lips, the while they glow ... With leve that they have often told. Hereafter thou may st press in woe. And kiss them till thine swn are cold. Press her lips, the while they glow: Ob, revere her raven hair!
Although it be not silver-gray—
Teo early Death, led on by Care,
May snatch save one dear lock away.
Ob, revere her raven hair!

Pray for her, at eve and morn,
That Heaven may long the stroke defer—
For thou may at live the hour foriors,
When thou will ask to die with her.
Pray for her, at eve and morn!

MARATOGA TRIRTY YEARS AGO. An Old Lady's Reminiscence of Van Buren and Clay.

"Miss Grundy" has picked up the following bits of old-time gossip, which she sends to the

"Every one who visits Saratoga is sure to meet with some one who feels a pride in stating how many successive Summers he or she has passed here, and old habitues love to dilate upon the hary successive summers he or suc has passed here, and old labitues love to dilate upon the changes wrought, and compare now with then. It is the same old story, of how much greater the men were in those times of the past, and how much more beautiful the women were. The stories those time-honorad habitues tell are not half as delightful as the reminiscences of a dear old gossip who was here two successive Sum-mers in her childhood, and did not see Saratoga mers in her childhood, and did not see Saratoga again for nigh thirty years. Her recollections of July and August of '40 seem to me worth transcribing. She said: "I stayed with some relatives at the Aster House until the 5th of July, and remember my childish delight at the fireworks which were sent up from the park in front of the hotel on the Fourth. The next morning we started for West Point, and, young as I was, I went wild over the scenery, the reviews and the darling cadets. William Crittenden, of Kentucky, nephew of John J. Crittenden, and John Bibb, son of G. M. Bibb, who the next year was secretary of State under Harrison and Tyler, were the two who, from previous acquaintance, were the two who, from previous acquaintance, showed attention to the merry little girl who was in rhapsodies over everything. U. 8, Grant was in the same class with those young men, so he has since told me in Washington, but at that time he did not count for much. William Crittime he did not count for much. William Crit-tenden, after graduating, found no use for his sword in his native land, and joined the fillibus-ters at New Orleans, and was taken prisoner at Havana and shot. He was a gallant young fel-low. He and Judge Crittenden, who was killed in California by Laura D. Fair, were brothers.

low. He and Judge Crittenden, who was killed in California by Laura D. Fair, were brothers. It seems that tragedies were common to their family. John Bibb was put under arrest at West Point while we were there for disobedience in coming to the hotel to visit us when the rules forbade. I remember the hop that night at the barracks, and how all the lady dancers were left standing on the floor when the drum tapped, as all were dancing with cadeta, who rushed away without stopping to apologize or explain, as, indeed, they had no time to do. From West Point we went to Lebanon Springs, as it was yet too early for the Saratoga season, and our party from the strength are of every variety of shabbiness and ugliness, and of all heights, so that their roofs are as uneven as an old saw. In their lower stories may be found representatives of all the avocations that wait upon the kitchen and back stairs

and were dancing with cainets, who reached away within a special to complete the complete of explaints and the control of the

time before. Van Buren was a shert, rather stout man, with a bald forehead and red hair, where there was any. Prince John was tall, straight and well formed. He was very dignified and quiet. Snith resembled his father instature. There were two other sons—Abram, the eldest, and young Martin—but I don't think they were with their father on this occasion. Henry Clay was he lion of the season, commanding more respect and attention than the President, who was not popular in his own State, and was called "the Fox of Kinderhook." Clay was a tall, spare man, with homely features, particularly his mouth, which was large and prominent. His eyes had a penetrating look, and, although I was too young to appreciate the man, his courteous manner and fine voice when he petted the little Kentucky girl left an impression. Postmaster-General Granger was at the United States, with his daughter, who was one of the belies of the season. Baron de Bodisco, Minister from Russia, had just married the beautiful Miss Williams, of Georgetown, D. G., and created a sensation with his bride. She had a very fair, pale complexion, full, plump figure, and was a decided contrast to her husband, who somewhat resembled the Russian bear—if that bear had a recircled mountant and carried the bear had a recircled mountant to her husband, who somewhat resembled the Russian bear—if that bear had a recircled mountant to her husband, who somewhat resembled the Russian bear—if that bear had a recircled mountant to her husband.

WHILE some of our churches are celebrating their centennial and bicontennial anniversaries, the good English people of the Isle of Ely are preparing to celebrate the twelve hundredth anniversary of the foundation of their cathedral. They will call the occasion a "bissexcenturary festival." The cathedral was originally a monastery, founded by St. Ethe Idreda, one of Britain's carly prious Opens. WHILE some of our churches are celebrating

decided contrast to her husband, who somewhat resembled the Russian bear—if that bear had a grizzled monstache and portly person. He was a man near fifty, she a girl of seventgen. I remember how every one in the ball room stood around and watched them waltz together. At that time it was not considered exactly decorons for any ladies, married ladies particularly, to waltz with strange gentlemen, though foreigners did it. Miss Jones of New York, new Mine. de Trebiand, was one of the belles. Indeed, other night," was the soothing remark, written in delicals female characters, on a postal card which winged its way through the Leavenworth Postoffice the other day. An Iowa schoolmistress had her toe torn off by

lightning the other day. She meely remarked that it was an untocard performance on the part of the lightning, and kept on with her spellingde Trobiand, was one of the belles. Indeed, there was a bull given at the United States to de-

OUR distinguished politicians have taken to visiting Jerusalem. All right. They should see the old Jerusalem, they can't expect to ever view the new.—Chicago Post. SCHAEFERSTOWN, Pa., has a hotel 138 years

Over the white, bleak, barren land, Level and golden, has dropt the sun; Down on the wild shore's icy and, Boom the long breakers, one by one.

THE ANGIENT CLOCK.

Out from the blue east, fierce and round, The red meon greatens ever joutling waves, And now with impetoning dreary seemd. The voice of the sweeping night-blast caves;

And angrier, loader, the billows wake, Whither its mighty footstep-shocks, Tossed into surges that momently break, Buffeting on precipitous rocks.

There, in the supty, solemn house.
Sitteth a woman while shadows fall,
Hearkening mutely, with bended brows,
To the clock that ticks from the issuess A feable menotone, vegue to hear.
While turbulent waters clash below;
Yet every stroke, to the listener's ear.
Is sweet with the music of long ago!

For the ancient clock, from its corner dim. Can deal with time in marvellous ways, And tick, when the mood so pleases him, Back through a thousand yesterdays!

And to her who listens, at hours like these, Tis the same if abroad be tunult or rest— Thunderous battle of wintry seas, Or boundless calm on the eccan's breast.

How often (perchance with dreams to weave The ancient clocks in our lonesome halls) The tempest and clamor of life we leave, When memory's magic whisper calls!

# How He Bucked up Against General Grant and how He Came to Grief Thereby.

"You never heard about my brush with Casar "You never heard about my brush with Cæsar, did you?" said Squills. "No; well I'll tell you."
"At Young's Point I had nearly all the whisky outside of depot stores, and being patriotic, I was careful of it as if there hadn't been another barrel in the country. The other commissaries tried to get it from me, but I resisted manfully, and at last, what did the mean beggars do, but set Grant and Rawlins on me."

"Grant had put the niggers to work scouping out the canal, and a provision return came in for daily whisky rations for the Africanos. I didn't like to do it, so I indorsed it:

"Runnerfully returned. The santly of whis.

"'Respectfully returned. The supply of whisky in my possession is not sufficient to issue dai-A. S. SQUILLS, Captain and C. S. U. S. V.'

"In the course of the day I received a second return for whisky for the canal darkies, signed as before, General Rawlins, 'chief of staff,' I didn't know anything about chiefs of staff, and moreover hadn't any curiosity. With ten thou-sand men to feed, I was as gorgeous a creature as Grant, and a head and shoulders over Rawlins. I had no use for chiefs of anybody's staff, and so I rose again to explain with my little pen.

"Respectfully returned. The troops of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth army corps have only received three rations of whisky per week while working on the canal, and it would be manifest injustice to issue twice as much to colored

[Signed] SQUILLS. [Signed] Squills."
"So you're bucking up against Grant, eh, Squills!" said a commissary, the next morning. "By Jupiter, Grant will have you up the jackstaff, Squills," said another. "Fil becondemned, Squills, if Grant don't put you to work on the canal, with a ball and chain," said another. "Yest and witheast any whisky." chimed in another, and then they all went for me in a cheerful chorus of what a devil of a fellow Grant was when he got mad—narticularly about stonning a

when he got mad—particularly about stopping a man's whisky—that I began to feel uncomfortable, not to say shake.
"Something had to be done. I began to believe in shiefs of staff. Steele heard all about it,

"Squills, you had better go and explain this matter to Grant; and Squills, take a cockiall be fore you go, to brace you."
"I took a bracer and put out through the mud to Grant's boat, and the nearer I got to that boat the more I began to realize the existence of a chief of staff.

"Rawlins was at his desk busy, but he looked up and said:
"'Well, no. You can't see General Grant.

"Weil, no. You can't see General Grant.
What is your business!"
"My name is Squills, and—
"That was enough at one dose."
"Your orders are at the boat, sir," and off he

"Your orders are at the boat, sir," and off he dashed behind the curtain.

"If, there had been a lingering doubt about a chief of staff it was snuffed out, and I ploughed my way back to my own boat, up to the girths in mud, a very much sadder and a wiser C. S.

"General Grant's body-gnard were lining the gang-plank, I will say it for Grant and Rawlins, they did the thing handsomely. The captain of the body-gnard was in the cabin with a third provision return for whisky rations for these niggers. Such persistency was beautiful.

"Certainly," I said, with great promptitude, "issue the whisky."

Then the captain of the body-gnard politely handed one another paper. It was an order to

handed me another paper. It was an order to report myself under arrest to Steele. "What came of it all!" said Squills. "Why, by Jove, they tried me for disohodience of orders, and dismissed me from the service; that's what they did. Just before the trial open-ed, Rawlins said, "Good morning, Capt. Squills," just as mild as if he had never heard of a whisky

just as mild as if he had never neard of a waisa; return.

I thought perhaps it was a queer way chiefs of staffs had before they hung their victims. Storman and Steele game and said some kind things, but the minions of a despotism couldn't soe anything but disobedience of orders.

What came of it then? Nothing. The papers were all pigeon-holed. Thomas came down and reinstated me, and the goose hung lovely as before.

fore.

I came across Grant during my suspension. It was at Blair's quarters, and I didn't care about intruding myself upon his notice much. He did not know me, but somebody must have pointed me out. He came over quietly, looking at me very offensively, as I thought, but I didn't say anything about it to him; I lef him go qu.

"Give me a light, captain. Do I know you?"

Name !"
"Squills, general."
"Squills, eh! Oh! you're the man that came
to grief about the whisky. How are you,
Squills!"
"How was I!" How was that for high! I
was mad enough to resign; I didn't though. I
remembered that I was in front of the enemy,
and I restrained my emotions.

A ludicrous performance occurred on Fourth Street yesterday afternoon—the scene being laid near the Metropolitan Hotel, and the principal figure being a cow of mild aspect but not remarkably bandsome. The front door had been left open, and the lady of the house, hearing a tremendous clatter of hoofs on the stairway leading to the upper story of the domicile, started hurricelly to ascertain the cause of the phenomenon. She arrived in time to see a cow's tail swinging aloft at the head of the stairs, and soon the animal had found her way into a small closet in the vicinity, and at once became profoundly interested in a sack of meal or some other pleasant object stored therein. The lady, failing to appreciate the transformation of her tidy apartment into a common stable, at once inaugurated battle against the tresspasser, and by the use of signs, movements and passwords, which only a lady can recall on such an occasion, undertook to eject the cow from the premises. Bossy failed to see the signs, and did not care a cob about the lasty's wishes. The lady shook her apron at the oow, and reached out her hand carefully for a more effective weapon of warfare. The cow comprehended the situation at last, and her head was lowered, her tail flung high in the air, and her back was curved majestically. The lady concluded the air in her stairway not conducive to health, and rushed out doors calling for help. It came in a short time, and she was eventually ejected, but not until after some threatening demonstrations had been made on the new levies of reinforcements for operations against her within the fortress.—St. Peal fazes.

COLONEL HIGGINSON says that the old stone mill at Newport "is the only thing on the Atlan-tic shore which has had time to forget its birth-

JEFF. DAVIS' DISGUISE. His Attempt to Etcape Capture in a Woman's Dress Statement of General Pritchard.

A correspondent of the Lyons (Wayne County, N. Y.) Republican, who lately visited Allegan, called apon General Benjamin D. Pritchard, now a resident of that town, who was, during the war, Colonel of the Fourth Regiment of Michigan Cavalry, and had the good fortune to capture Jeff. Davis. In conversation with him, the correspondent inquired as to the circumstances of Davis' attempted escape, and gives the story thus:

thus:

General Pritchard said: After the escape of Davis from Richmond I received reliable intelligence, and which appeared to me to be all the more reliable roughtly situation and the necessities of the case—that is to say, that he would endeavor to make his way across the Mississippi into Texas, where he intended to put himself at the head of his forces, still quite strong, and around which he could gather all his remaining strength in the South-west, and then still to carry on the rebellion in those vast and comparatively inaccessible regions, trusting to continued recruiting of his forces from escaping squade of his defeated armies in all quarters, and from Mexican sympathizers, guerrillas, and dissatisfied, his defeated armies in all quarters, and from Mexican sympathizers, guerrillas, and dissatisfied, reckless, desperate, and lawless spirits from every direction, and not altogether without hope of aid from foreigners. To reach there he had but one way of escape; he had to make his way from Virginia to Georgia, and thence westward along a belt of country that lay between our forces on the Guif on the south, aand our ferces that occupied Virginia, Tennessee, and westward, on the north. So I governed myself accordingly, and set my command in motion, as if on the "double quick," right through that region. We soon struck the trail of Davis on the Ockmulgee River, in Georgia. He was accompanied by some of struck the trail of Davis on the Ockmulgee River, in Georgia. He was accompanied by some of his military and staff and the chiefs of his government. His wife and the wives and female relatives and companions of some of his subordinates were with him. Thus we followed until we reached a small village in Georgia, where we lost all track of them. We surrounded the village. I made the most particular and all manner of inquiries of the inhabitants, but not one of them knew a thing, and were properly astonished at my asking them the questions, "as if they knew!" Still I had no doubt they all knew well. So I resorted to what never or soldom failed me; I got an African alone, and be soon told me where

knew!" Still I had no doubt they all knew well. So I resorted to what never or seldom failed me; I got an African alone, and he soon told me where the game was to be found—about two miles from the village, in a sort of wild, bushy, woody piace. By this time it had grown quite into the night, the weather being beautiful and the sky bright. I soon had my command at the spot, where we found a small encampment consisting of two or three tents, with wagons standing about. The tents, as was afterwards discovered, were occupied by the women, and Davis and one or two of his masculine favorites, the remainder of the party lying about under the wagons. It was now about midnight or after. I gave orders to have the encampment surrounded, giving the most positive command that no living thing, under any circumstances, should pass outward through the lines. Thus we waited for day.

"In the early dawn—almost before dawn—an old woman was seen making her way from out of one of the tents. She was dressed in a water-proof cloak from her waist down, the cloak coming so low as to cover her feet. Around her body was a shawl, arranged and tied; on her head something like a bood or bonnet, that concaled her face; in her hand a pail. As the tent those was speaked, a female wise from within spoke out in long tones: "Bring me a bucket of water—quick! We want to wash our faces." And then, as if haddressing any sentrics that might be within hearing, the voice said, in still longer tones: "Let my old woman servant pass and bring us a bucket of water—we want to get up and dress ourselves." So the old lady passed on, the one or two more soldiers within hearing allowing her to make her way, but keeping a bright eye upon her. Pretty soon, as the old laon, the one or two more soldiers within hearing allowing her to make her way, but keeping a bright eye upon her. Pretty soon, as the old lady was going through a bushy place, and by that means disarranging her waterproof, a soldier discovered her boots, and something that looked like the step and stride of a man; so he hailed, advanced before, and stopped her. Soon, two more soldiers came up and began to quiz her, asking her to give an account of herself; but she uttered not a word. Then I came to the spot huyself and put some questions; but not a word said the old lady in reply. I then advanced, took off her bood, untied her shawl, and exposed her boots—she all the time making a stout resistance. When I had succeeded in throwing off her disguise, there she stood, a being that looked very much like an elderly man. "You are a likely old woman," I said. Not a word from the old lady. "Who are you?" I asked. Not a word in reply. "You may as well say who you are," I said, "for you are my prisoner, and all your company. I will soon know who you are, for you cannot escape. I have a whole regiment of cavalry here, and others are coming. You, and all with you, for any prisoners, and nothing can deliver you. Now, who are you?" At length the old lady found voice, and said in a good, angry, loud, masculine tone, "Who day on think I am!" I took a careful look at her, and observing that one of her eyes had a psculiar defect, and scanning her face closely, and remembering the photographs that I had seen of Davis, and that I had heard that one of his eyes had a peculiar "blaze," I said, "I know you now—you are Jefferson Davis." eyes had a peculiar defect, and scanning her that I had seen of Davis, and that I had heard that one of his eyes had a peculiar "daze," I said, "I know you now—you gre Jefferson Davis," This the "old woman" pretended not to hear, and made no direct reply, but commenced railing out against. "Yankees" and "cowards" who "made against. "Yankees" and "cowards" who "made of direct reply, but commenced railing out against. "Yankees" and "cowards" who "made of direct reply, and "cowards" who "made of direct reply, "Just as I thought," was the "old hely" at length asked. I repligit "I that the Colond of the 4th Michigan Cavalsy, whose prisoner you are." "Just as I thought," was the pass and get some water for the ladies in the pass and get some water for the ladies in the tent, that they may dress themselves." "You are Jefferson Davis," I said again. He looked to or what he could do. At last, standing up full before me, he said: "I am Jefferson Davis, you and your company are prisoners." In the meaning a the heart of the company of Wiscousin cavalry had a proached; and my me, fearing that it was a division of the enemy come to the rescue, and it being hardly light as yet, commenced firing into each other, And thus began a battle in which several were wounded and some slain on both sides, before the unfortunate mistake was discoused. I was defined then first at the capture; and, while my men and those of the "Old Woman," the chief of perhaps the greatest and saddest of all robellions."

Interesting Figures.—The total area of the "Old Woman," the chief of perhaps the greatest and saddest of all robellions."

Interesting Figures.—The total area of the "United States, as demonstrated by the census of the "Old Woman," the chief of perhaps the greatest and saddest of all robellions."

Interesting Figures.—The total area of the "United States, as demonstrated by the census of 1570, is 360.584 square miles, ris 1890 it was 8.10. In the Territories in the Figure of the "Old Woman," the chief of perhaps the greatest and saddest o

INTERESTING FIGURES.—The total area of the United States, as demonstrated by the census of 1870, in 3,604,884 square miles, of which 1,984,467 square miles are contained in the thirty seven States of the Union, and 1,619,417 square miles in the Territories. In the States in 1870 the density of population was 19.21 persons to the square mile; in 1830 it was 8-10. In the Territories in 1850 the squared mile; in 1850 it was £10. In the Territories in 1870 the population averaged one person to four square miles. The ceusus demonstrated that Philadelphia had about as many dwelling houses as New York and Brooklyn combined, although those cities have nearly twice the population of Philadelphia. In New York there are fifteen persons to a dwelling, in Brooklyn nine and in Philadelphia six.

once presented to Hortense, the step-daughter of old Napoleon, by a noble Polander, and was giv-en by her to Princess Murat, and thus descended to the present owner, Madame Murat, residing in Savannah.

PARENTS who want suphonious names for their contributions to the ranks of posterity, will be thankful to learn that two distinguished In-dians who live on the banks of the Yellowstone are known as Red Ears and Bull-without-Hair.

WHOLE NUMBER, 856.

OLD FOLKS.

Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling, Ah, don't be sorrowful, pray: Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

Tis rains weather, my darling, Time's waves they heavily run: But taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling.
Our heads are growing gray:
And, taking the year together, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling, And our roses long ago; And the time of year is coming, my dear, For the silent night and anow.

And God is God, my darling.
Of night as well as day;
And we feel and know that we can go.
Wherever He leads the way.

Ave, God of the night, my darling— Of the night of death so grim; The gate that leads out of life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him.

HOG GUESSING.

The Amusements of Queens County Sports-Tremendous Excitement.

The amusement of hog guessing is time honored on Long Island. Yesterday afternoon the political and social magnates of Queens County, with a sprinkling of New Yorkers, gathered at the Bayside House, Bayside, to include in it. They found three fat hogs in a pan. The weight of these were to be estimated at fifty cents a or those were to be estimated at fitty cents a guess, and, after the killing and dressing, whoever had come nearest to accuracy was to take the hag upon which he had guessed. Solid old sport and well-to-do farmers stood around the pen and studied the question with profoundly serious faces. Wise looks and knowing silence greeted

faces. Wise looks and knowing silence greeted every solicitation of opinion. A butcher, whose judgment was deemed valuable, was plied with questions, but he was persistently dumb until he had been expensively filled with brandy, and then he was too tipsy to know whether he had or hadn't any ideas on the subject.

But Tony Grant knew all about it. He had been going to "hog guessings" about all his life, and nobody could tell him anything. He had made up his mind that he would take away the heaviest of those hors, if there was any merit in heaviest of those hogs, if there was any merit in system. Mr. Grant climbed into the pen, delib-erately unrolled a tape line, selected the fattest hog, and began elaborate measurements. Length and girth were carefully ascertained, and upon these figures he worked out in his head what the

weight ought to be.

How the Pun commenced.

At 2 o'clock this largest hog was let out into the road. The distance to the hotel was about twenty rods, but the hog was dilatory. First, he wanted to go up toward the railroad depot, and the he was set upon going back to the pon. First, he was set upon going back to the pon. then he was set upon going back to the pen. Fi-nally, six colored men, who were to do the slaughtering formed in a line across the road and steadily advanced. Behind them came the crowd of guessers, and before these combined forces the hog was driven down to where a big kettle was solling, in which, after his demise, to souse him. Then came a tussel between the hog and one of Then came a tusser between the negrous and does the negroes, funny enough to tickle the crowd, ending in the hog being thrown on his back. The process of killing and dressing was watched with enger interest and chattering teetb, but the chance of picking up a point was not to be sacrificed for the warmth which was to be had inside by butter.

In the meantime the guessing had been going on. Upon paying fifty cents the guesser was given a card. On the card he wrote his name and whatever weight he chose. A cigar box with a hole in the top was presided over by James Sammis, and into it the cards were dropped. The guessers were limited to sixty on each of the three hogs, one of them being disposed of at a time. on, the one or two more soldiers within hearing allowing her to make her way, but keeping a bright eye upon her. Pretty soon, as the old lady was going through a bushy place, and by that means disarranging her waterproof, a soldier discovered her boots, and something that looked like the step and stride of a man; so the distriction o the relative accuracy of gnesses were very nu-merous, ranging from bottles of wine to \$20. Even the colored butchers caught the mania, and wagered drinks and papers of tobacco with reck-ber confusion.

wagered drinks and papers of tobacco with reck-less profusion.

THE TEST OF HOGGISH GUESSWORK.

When the hog was ready for weighing, Henry Salts and Anthony Franklin were elected judges, and the scales were critically examined.

"Two hundred and thirteen pounds," announc-ed Mr. Salts.

"Correct," assented Mr. Franklin.

somebody.

Then Tony Grant walked slowly and alone down to the beach, where a man was hunting for clams, and seemed to be lost in earnest thought. It was subsequently shown that his guess was forty pounds wrong, and nearly the worst of the lot.

The box was given in charge of judges, who retired with it to a private room to canvass the gnesses. Whilp they were at it, the crowd was divided between guessing on the second hog and eating the chowder, cold turkey and baked nig, which were free to everybody. There was, too, a heavy continuance of side-betting. After half an hour the judges returned with their decision.

Fate of French Marshale.

Let me add that the history of previous trials of Marshals of France is not calculated to flatter the hopes of Bazine.

The office of Marschal was instituted in the reign of Francois I., and since then five Marshals have been tried, found guilty, and all of them

executed.

1. Marshal de Retz was hanged and burned for

rebelion and high treason.

2. Marshal de Biron was decapitated for conspiring with Spain against his friend and benefactor, Henry IV.

3 and 4. Marshals de Marcillac and de Montagon de 3 and 4. Marshals de Marcillac and de Mout-morency were sent to the scaffold for conspiring against the red man, Richelieu.
5. Marshal Ney was shot by the Bourbons, in 1815, for going over to his old master Napoleon, on his return from Elba.
Bazaine is the first French Marshal charged with not having done his duty in the face of the gremy.

A MARYLAND man had a fight with a stone-cutter about a tomb-stone, and both were killed, and the opposition stone-cutter in the village se-cured the contract for all three tomb-stones.

Some politicians agree with physiologists as to the power of the eye. A noted stump-speak-er lately used the personal pronoun "I" 1,355 times in a speech at Washington.